Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtris,
Coniured, or ſupplied them, cannot chuſe,
But they muſt blab.)
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then hee'l vnſweare.
Oth. What hath he ſayd?
Iag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? *Iag.* Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iag. With her, on her, what you will.
Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We ſay lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, that's fulſome, handkerchiefs, confeſsion, handkerchiefs: to confeſſe, and be hang'd for his labour, firſt to be hang'd, and then to confeſſe; I tremble at it: Nature would not inueſt herſelfe in ſuch ſhadowing paſsion, without ſome inſtruction: It is not words that ſhakes me thus. (piſh) noſes, eares, and lippes: Is't poſsible? confeſſe? handkerchiefe? O deuill. *Falles in a trance.*
Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chaſt Dames, euen thus (all guiltleſſe,) meet reproach: What ho my Lord, my Lord I ſay, *Othello,*—how now *Caſsio?* *Enter* Caſsio.
Caſ. What's the matter?
Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepſy,
This is his ſecond fit, he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the temples.
Iag. No, forbeare,
The Lethargie muſt haue his quiet courſe,
If not, he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to ſauage madneſſe: looke, he ſtirres:
Doe you withdraw your ſelfe a little while,
He will recouer ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeake with you.
How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?
Oth. Doſt thou mocke me? *Exit* Caſ.
Iag. I mocke you? no by heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

Iag.

Iag. There's many a beaſt then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monſter.
Oth. Did he confeſſe?
Iag. Good ſir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in thoſe vnproper beds,
Which they dare ſweare peculiar: your caſe is better:
O tis the ſpite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Couch,
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte: No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. O thou art wiſe, tis certaine.
Iag. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelfe but in a patient liſt:
Whilſt you were here orewhelmed with your griefe,
(A paſſion moſt vnfitting ſuch a man,)
Caſsio came hither, I ſhifted him away,
And layed good ſcuſe vpon your extaſy;
Bad him anon retire, and here ſpeake with me,
The which he promis'd: But incaue your ſelfe,
And marke the geeres, the gibes, and notable ſcornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife:
I ſay, but marke his geſture, mary patience,
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all, in ſpleene,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doſt thou heare *Iago,*
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But doeſt thou heare, moſt bloody.
Iag That's not amiſſe:
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I queſtion *Caſsio* of *Bianca*;
A huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires,
Buyes her ſelfe bread and cloathes; it is a creature,
That dotes on *Caſsio*; as tis the ſtrumpets plague